

Die Schuldigkeit des  
Ersten und  
Vornehmsten Gebotes

K. 35

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Number Five

16 October 1971

DIE SCHULDIGKEIT DES ERSTEN UND VORNEHMSTEN GEBOTES is a Grendel Press magazine edited and published by Conrad von Metzke. Please note that all correspondence, moves, press, etc., must hereinafter be sent to:

Grendel Press  
P.O. Box 8342  
San Diego, CA. 92102

The phone number remains unchanged at (714) 239-1574.

Deadlines from now on will fall on Wednesday. This is to allow me to maintain a three-week schedule (I am attending classes Mon/Tue/Wed).

And my typewriter has developed another quirk - the shift lock is out of commission - which requires that moves will be printed from now on in lower case. All of them. The ones that fail will be underscored.

#### THE POETRY CONTEST

Due to a terrific interest in the Poetry Contest, the editor has consulted with the Italian player and caused the following revisions in the rules:

1. Anyone may enter, player or not.
2. The deadline for submission of entries will be Issue #7, which means six weeks more or less. That issue will contain the ballot for voting (only players may vote). Issue #8 will contain ballot results and any necessary runoff ballots. Issue #9 will make final winner declarations and will reprint the winning entries.

1971-BA (what else?) - Spring 1902 moves

AUSTRIA (Manogg): a vic (h), a ser-gre, a bud-ser, a tri-alb, f gre-ion.

ENGLAND (Barrows): a nwy-den, f nth (c) nwy-den, f nwg-nwy, f lon-eo.

FRANCE (Peery): a bur (s) spa-mar, a spa-mar, a par (s) bur, f mar-

glyo, f por spa sc.

GERMANY (Just): a kie-den, a ruh-pie, a mun (s) ruh-pie, f bel-nth.

ITALY (Walker): a pic-tyo, a ven (s) pie-tyo, f nap-ion, f tun-wmed.

RUSIA (Sard): a nos-stp, a stp-fin, a sev-ukr, a ukr-fun, f rum-

ENCLOSURE

LETTER DUE TO YOU ON 10 NOV 1971.  
PURCHASED FROM ALICE J. LINDENHOLZ. SUBSCRIPTION FEE (S) FOR BUL. F SAYING  
REG.

PROPOSED NAME: WALTER J. ARMY-CO-ROUND,  
MICHAEL RATHBURN, GENE COOK GEOGRAPHY, AND  
WILLIAM OTIS A. MCGOWAN.

There are no returns. Notice first headline following instead of preceding the new edition date of 11/11/71, otherwise missing therefrom.

The deadline for 1971 issue was November, November 10, 1971.

CURRENT ISSUE # (10 Oct. 1971)

PICTURES:

Barrow, Daniel R. - Box 418, Santa Barbara, CA. 93103.  
Bush, Eddie - Box 151, Westfield, NJ. 07090.  
Metzger, Shirley - Box 739, Milpitas, CA. 95031.  
Beatty, Lawrence W. - 510 Bell St., San Diego, CA. 92103.  
Van Houtte, Eustace - 550 Parker, San Francisco, CA. 94118.  
Walker, Rodney C. - 5053 North 3rd Blvd., San Diego, CA. 92116.  
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Subscribers and wife. (Number after name indicates last ich on sub):

Alderson, Don - 3750 Bay St., Stejunga, CA. 91042.  
Burkhardt, Walter - RR #3, Lebanon, NH. 03766.  
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Middelco, Charles - Charles House, 410 W. 7th St., New York, N.Y. 10025. (14)  
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Portola, OR. 97361. (14)

Note - All subscriptions received to date and listed above commence with issue # - the current number. Issues 2-4 are a free bonus. (#1 is long since out of print.) Any errors in the above should be promptly communicated to me. Also, if anyone is missing issues 2,3, or 4, I can supply back issues free. (While supply lasts.)

Subscription rates - 10 issues for \$1., third class. Back issues as available, 10¢ each.

### POETRY ENTRIES

The Commissar accepts responsibility for categorizing poems entered in said contest. Protests should be directed to him.

The following entries are herewith announced, which have been previously published:

Eric Just - Limerick (category c) appearing in Issue 2 and beginning, 'A youngish musician....'

Conrad-von Metzko - Limerick (category c) appearing in Issue 2 and beginning, 'A ludicrous poet....'

Eric Just - Limerick (category c) appearing in Issue 3 and beginning, 'A young prostitute....'

Eric Just - Limerick (category c) appearing in Issue 4 and beginning, 'A young man named....'

Conrad-von Metzko - Limerick (category c) appearing in Issue 4 and beginning, 'A purported musician....'

Current entries:

Category h - Brenton Ver Flocg

PERFECTLY

Oh, the platypus, what a lovely bird,  
Larger than a Turkish kurd,  
But smaller than a Russian turd,  
Less smelly than an English murd.

Category i - Brenton Ver Flocg

QUEEN SARA-ALLENIA'S GREAT DILEMMA

Oh, I wish I had an Oscar Meyer Wiener,  
In me it would truly like to be.  
But if the Oscar Nicie it was in me,  
Where oh where would I ever find to pee?

Category i - Brenton Ver Flocg

Don't poo-poo Ver Flocg,  
For if you do  
He'll bite you through  
And chomp and chew  
And swallow you.  
But if you don't...don't think he won't.

and now if you turn the page, more of this crud will reek....

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CATEGORY 4 - Fronton Van Bloo

TO ADAM'S M. L. BETH CHOLDSMASTER

When singing songs of sorrow,  
Or bloddiness and blurriness,  
I-fool-obligated-at-this-moment-to-remind-you  
Of the most ferocious creature of all,  
6,000 knives and sharpens 'em all,  
The squicky-squashy terror, small  
...That's standing right behind you.

~ (With a tip to Uncle Shelby)

CATEGORY 4 - Fronton Van Bloo

LARRY, THE NIGHT MAN RIMS

A large rock dealer, Henry,  
His hand he thought he could worry.  
"I love for it squirm,  
It's so noble and plain."  
And now he's a boy as a fairy.

CATEGORY 4 - Fronton Van Bloo

PHOO OH VEE YICO

A crazy young butchman named Murphy  
His neighbors he would to insult.  
He fibed 'em, and yelled,  
"Ya can and go to hell,"  
And his grave, like, is laid-dugsic

CATEGORY 4 - Eric Just

Roses are water green  
Violets are pink.  
My color TV  
Is on the blink.

CATEGORY 4 - Eric Just

Lockhart, Gadsden John --  
His glory's come and gone.  
His policy when all was said and done  
Brought out a Will Forte one, and one for himself, too.

Category h - Eric Just

TIN HORSE

The horse is a creature of great renown.  
It comes in white and grey and brown.  
I never have seen a horse in yellow;  
That would be a horse of a diff'rent color.  
Horses pull wagons, carts and plows;  
Horses run races and horses herd cows.  
And a monstrous wooden equine dummy  
Once curried Greeks inside his tummy.

Category i - Carol Ann Buchanan

A man we know is JWB  
And what a paranoid is he,  
It's quite apparent he thinks he's God,  
Yet he goes and blames it all on Rod.

Category d - Carol Ann Buchanan

Said JB to his friend Boardman,  
"Let's take a short logic course if we can."  
Their wise old professor yelled, "You're a reject!"  
"I give you the facts, but you change the subject!"

Category d - Bill Linden

When William the Orange  
Wrote the "Rhyne to Porringer"  
It was instantly banned  
In every county of the land.

Category d - Bill Linden

Willem Van Nassau  
Never visited Passau.  
He wished that he could give a knock  
To every bloody Wittelsbach.

Category d - Robert Ward

Rodney Walker  
Is quite a talker.  
He'll go far-a  
To bug Beshara!

Category 6 - First or a RhymeMISSES

Unlucky Prince Billy Orange  
 Didn't get silly, or hance  
 His west desires on such;  
 But to England he straightway struck.

Category 4 - Robert Head

Will Just  
 Really must  
 Guard his boat,  
 As English attack.

There is one more entry from past issues - the clerihew in #4 written by Cormac von Neville which appears beneath CHESS NUTS and begins "John Redgrave..." It is entered in Category F.

A couple of short editorial notes. Most of you clerihew-writers are not titling your works. They are supposed to be titled with one word, an adjective or an adverb. (It is not required that this be done, but it is not strictly a pure clerihew if it is not that way.)

Also, I see that two people picked up the challenge of rhyming 'orange,' and coincidentally used the same subject in doing so. After his entry, Ken Parsons adds, "Now tell me something else that is impossible." Okay - it is impossible for you to win this contest with just one entry.

The editor herewith adds one category to the list: Category J - A Cleremick or clerihew on Haydn (Franz Josef or Johann Michael, and the first names of both may or may not be dropped, as you wish).

And Carol Ann Richardson's second entry (preceding page) entered in Category d, is not quite properly an item for Category f, in which I think it was supposed to go. / Clerihew must include one line ending with the name of the protagonist. (I have loosely interpreted this to include initials, forms of the name, etc., but however logical it might seem - I cannot go so far as to scratch it to 'Boardman.'

And finally, you will get to read an entry in Category e, written by Lou Curtis. It really ought to be six entries, but since the various segments of the whole are inseparable, I list it as one.

There was a young fellow from Sparta,  
 A really magnificent farter.

On the strength of one fart  
 He'd have 'God Save the Queen'  
 And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

He could wavy, with proper persuasion.  
 His fart to suit any occasion.

He could fart like a flute,  
 Like a lark, like a lute -  
 This highly unrealistic description.

END

He was good in the Christmas Cantata;  
He could double-stop-fart the Toccata.  
    He'd been from his ass  
    Pach's B Minor Miss  
And, in counterpoint, La Traviata.

Spurred on by a very high wager  
With an envious German named Begor,  
    He proceeded to fart  
    The complete obso part  
Of the Haydn Octet in F Major.\*

It went off in capital style  
And he started it through with a smile.  
    Then, feeling quite jolly,  
    He tried the finale,  
Blowing double-stop farts all the while.

The selection was tough, I admit,  
But it did not dismay him one bit.  
    Then, with ass thrown aloft,  
    He suddenly coughed,  
And collapsed in a shower of shit.

\* A slight error of fact here; the 'Haydn' Octet in F Major was composed by Paul Munitzky, as recent scholarship by H.C. Robbins Landon has unequivocally demonstrated.

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Old soldiers never die - just young ones.

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At this point in my typing I opened today's mail and discovered a new subscriber - John Ostapkovich, 3520 Chirney Swift Drive, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006. (14)

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On the next page we will proceed to the regular press releases. First, a word from our sponsor, namely Grendel Press. Friends, do you have any idea what a really first-rate Diplomacy newsletter can be? Not if you subscribe to any of our 'zines, you don't. Take COSTAGUANA, one of the oldest in the business. And take it far, far away.

But your troubles don't stop there. Also available are MONGO, FILELY, DIES IRAN, STAB, CASCAINA, and a soon-to-be-announced all-Canadian 'zine. And you can get them all on subscription for just \$1. Yes, that's all you throw away for an indefinite subscription (guaranteed minimum 15 issues or 1 year, of each). So now that you know, go subscribe to the New York Times.

2000

2001: "I am a good man. No money  
can buy me. I am a good man and I have been talking  
about to God. He has said, 'I will be here  
because I am a good man.'"

The P. M. said he was not afraid because he too not, too  
scared, he too busy to think about it. However, the  
former Minister for the Environment, Fred Gruenig, is now  
an environmental activist.

2002: Paul Sturmer had also, the Canadian art critic,  
been an eloquent exponent of art, on the brief visit  
to our land. His first painting, which is the work  
"Cave Painting" is also not bad, being as a crude piece  
of art. It has rendering which is so poor, in its except its advanced  
state of decay, that it can not be attributable to  
any artist. In looking out of all the paintings which still superimposed  
onto a much older one, I can only understand that Tikhomiroff  
was poor, but he could hardly have been a very satisfactory medium  
in addition to his skill on the paper. "Talk about optional. I just  
want nothing more than the name and like the artist's initials."

2003 (16 April 1968): The Emperor Paul von Hindenburg, finding it very  
difficult to keep his own balance atop a 5-foot boulder, today  
arrived at the villa of Hitler, who is on a state visit to just about  
every land. In his actual residence, the Emperor paid a visit to  
Austria, which was obviously due to some technical completeness. The  
two monarchs met in an atmosphere of great solidarity and friendship.  
Hindenburg was nobly situated in a flowing mustache (Naturally!), and  
Queen Sophie-Alleluia was wearing a pale-pink which to best advantage  
covered off her... umm... umm... umm... face.

After a correspondence during weeks, the Vice-Vacca drafted a public  
statement in a model oil lampshade's publication it read. "The sun is  
our daily nice and good God." (in Italian) Harry English correspondent  
for the "Loyalty" said and never George Hagedorn, observed of this  
concerning, "What they could be doing on anything else, or there is  
nothing worse than Hitler and... what our Hitler?" Queen Hindenburg??  
King Ludwig just joined

2004 (18 April 1968): After well inundation in the lowlands, on the  
order of the North Sea, a slightly longer the ravages of German inva-  
sion. This is not only because the Germans did not take it into Holland  
which severely compounds Hindenburg's the headwind side, but because the  
Germans would have little difficulty in conquering a country which is in  
danger of being flooded over like the wind blows. Most of the inhabitants,  
led by King Umberto I, spent a good portion of their time at  
the cities, obeying the national martial law. King Umberto  
however, still a bachelor at the age of 36, is looking for a bride. How-  
ever, proof evit. very L. Gallois-Helley should take note that life in  
Germany is not good you'll be alone to one. As an example, King  
Ferdinand's last, his wife Frieda, became so used to having her  
husband a wife that she became a lesbian and went to live in New York.  
2005 (20 May 1968): Criticise the city here, near the ruins of Pompeii,  
monsters have located in Italy, footlong old crone who has confirmed in  
multiple interviews that she is, indeed, the former Empress Eugenia and  
George Jean. Her descendants, including the leg of any reporter that  
comes to her door, are to be quiet in their public life and had no

intention of "doing anything about the insipid, goody-goody, gumdrops-and-gingerbread, blish rule of Sara-Allenea." Then, stirring up a big black kettle, she enraged a couple of reporters into frogs before the rest escaped.

ROLE: Peeyitis is coming.

NEW YORK: Hello. My name is John Boshara, and only my hairdresser knows for sure.

JAMUL: Hello. My name is Rod Waller, and my hairdresser is quite certain, thank you.

JAMUL: The County Zoo reported today the birth of the first captive panda bear in fifty years. Hortense, the zoo's female panda, was sent on loan to a well-known zoo near Holland some months ago to attempt to breed her. According to the other zoo's officials, that attempt failed, but during the four or five hours one day during which Hortense accidentally escaped, they cannot vouch for her whereabouts or activities. All that is known is that shortly after returning to Jamul, Hortense exhibited unmistakable signs of both pregnancy and loneliness. Further, Jamul Zoo directors have yet to explain the diamond ring Hortense wore on her return. There is now a plan afoot to return Hortense and her baby to the other zoo (as soon as the infant is old enough to travel) and to 'see what gives.'

MOSCOW: Tsar Nicholas pledged all aid to the German Empire, if and when it is requested, in the preservation of a German Denmark. Only in stability in Scandinavia is there some hope of peace in Europe.

SEVASTOPOL: Colonel Grand Duke Popogord today entered this fortress city and declared it the Independent Grand Duchy of Sevastopol. He immediately appointed Baron Hauptmann of the Circle Trigon party as Prime Minister, reserving to himself the portfolios of Minister of State, Minister of War, and Ambassador Plenipotentiary. His first act was to establish relations with Sacramento, and to suspend relations with the Jamilian rebels.

SEVASTOPOL: The flag of the Grand Duchy of Sevastopol is white, green circle circumscribed about a solid green triangle. The flag, as befits the Sevastopolian nation, is not original, having been stolen from a nation known only to me and Preston Ver Ploeg, who had better not reveal its location. It is reliably reported that this is one of only two flags in the world whose history, meaning, and significance is unknown to the Better Flags and Guidons. (Harry, if you think you know, go ahead and write a press release.) Grand Duke Popogord will only say, "At this time the name of the original nation would be highly inappropriate applied to the Grand Duchy, but just you wait." The flag, by less than coincidence, is also the flag of the Circle Trigon party.

SACRAMENTO: If the Italian player can not figure out the place from whence I stole the flag, I suggest he enquire of Chris Wagner. If the most famous resident of Jamul knows not, I suggest he enquire of Major Scott.

SACRAMENTO: Elements of the First Battalion, 184th Infantry, California Army National Guard, were today placed on alert to prevent the forcible seizure of Sacramento Medical Center by a band of has-been politicians, including Woody Giles, formerly candidate for mayor of Sacramento, and Frank Curran, formerly candidate for mayor of Yellow Cab. It is not expected that it will be necessary to use the Guard, as the dissidents' only weapons are bombast. Head Nurse Garrigus has already conveyed her personal thanks (very physically) to Col. Anderson, the Battalion Commander.

JAHUL: It is dark out right. The clouds obscure the moon and the stars, a blackout has quenched the street lights, no cars are to be seen, and nobody is smoking. (HOLL, You know it, but he's too far away to see.) There isn't a sound to be heard, not even the rustle of leaves. Not even the burbling gurgler behind the next lockers. Not even the usual frenzied barking of the rabid dogs. Not even the wetback whispers in obscene Spanish. Not even...well, you catch on. Anyway, the totality of the total mole is total. As Schillerwischer would have said, "If at any time you can imagine the utterness of the Pit, you have finally fallen into disrepute with the Deity." (Schelling the Younger was a bit less explicit, preferring to co-opt in-joke metaphors so obscure and simultaneously filigree that only a Novellis could have understood them, and even he would have understood them incorrectly, since Schelling was emphatically not referring to making it with thirteen-year-old knock-kneed consumptive chicks.) Schillerwischer, of course, was merely foreshadowing the National Enquirer, which put it more succinctly: "The only nuns that go to Hell are those that Jesus thinks are bum bays..." I wonder what Citterburg would have thought.

There were we...oh, yes. Darkest cork, blackest black, unmatched even by a black cat eating licorice in a coal bin, unchallenged even by Muhammad's Temple No. 2. Suddenly a buckfire. Then several backfires. Then the unmistakable clang of untold Yellow Cabs groaning up the steep 1½ grade into the Brotherton Faculty parking lot. Several figures alight. One of them staggers in a reeling stupor...Frank Curran. Another introduces himself to everyone...Tom Ken.

It is the Conspiracy, come to plot and scheme. Sacramento is not long for this earth, mark my words. Voodoo dolls of Dame Garrigus, Colonel Popogord, and Col. Anderson line the walls; a huge idol of J. oh E. Leonard towers over the foyer. The plot hatchery is running full-bore, which isn't a bad pun...

JAHUL: About that flag, Bobbie, what happens if I guess Lincoln High? Didn't think I remembered his middle name, eh? Sycophant!

INTERNATIONAL ENQUIRER, Zurich Edition, March 22, 1902:

"Why is the Teutonic Legion still in Vienna?" This question is still-on the lips of Europe. Again I.E. comes to quell the curiosity of its eager readers. Thanks to the unique ability of the able eunuch of Madame Titalias' Vienna villa, "de Resistance", who can read and memorize a document at a half-second's glance, I.E. is able to bring you the following letters, intended probably to be strictly private, but viewed at various times this past winter by I.E.'s employees:

"Dear Friend,

So you finally copped the keys, old chapi. I knew you could do it over since that summer we spent together in New Orleans. How I remember...How well I remember. Enclosed is a list of Austria's position in European affairs which I trust you will adhere to.

Weren't those great times at "Le Chaton Chat"? (By the way, I still have a few photographs for souvenirs, you don't look a bit changed.)

Didn't it break me up, though, when you chose to call yourself Cardinal BOOTS! Once a fetishist, always a fetishist, eh, old buddy?

In the trying days ahead as you endeavor to mediate in this dreadful conflict that has engulfed us, I'm sure you will do the work of the

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Prince of Peace (inasmuch as such work concurs with the position of  
your old 'tomecatting' buday).  
Attilio"

"Dear Colonel Popozord,

This letter will be deliyered to you by a friend of mine from Rich-  
mond. It will be accompanied by a goodly pack of those CSA graybacks  
you folks seem to prefer to the Tsar's rubles.

Though your campaign against the yellow dwarves was not in favor with  
your monarch, you can be assured that it had my complete support, as well  
as that of my friends in Richmond who intend that the starry cross will  
fly always over their Pacific territories.

Now it comes to my attention that not only has His Majesty the Tsar  
abandoned his duty to protect his people against the yellow peril, but in  
mistaken preoccupation with the Trans-Scandinavian territories has  
chickened out in his support of the cause of Christendom against the  
heathen in Turkey.

Should you consider a 'changing of the guard' at the Imperial Palace,  
and a 'new jar with the new wine,' you can be sure that this would be  
supported by Budapest as well as by Richmond. Bobby sends his best, as  
well as your true friend,  
Attilio."

Dear Luria Gal,

I tolle you not to fret last fall. So the Teutonic Legion is still  
in Vienna, I'm using all my clout with ole massa Bob in that big gray  
house in Richmond, and if you have any trouble you can be sure that the  
cry "the Rebs are coming" will be heard all over the new world and the  
old..

I can hear General MacArthur's resonant voice proclaiming as the  
boys in gray march downiz the Champs d'Elysses, "Lafayette, I have  
returned."

Attilio."

CONSTANTINOPLE: Licentious Lurleen Bighole, lotus blossom #69 of the  
Yukkish harem, today made a pilgrimage to Roma, desperately trying to  
get some help for her beloved Sultan through a little of the Turkish  
method. Befouled in her attempt by streets covered with so many flags  
that the street signs were invisible, she finally made it to the great  
stone mansion:

"Let's see now," said Lurleen, "I'll just ring this door-knocker -  
why, it fell off in my hand! I'll have to beat on the door with my  
famous rhythm."

Finally she heard steps approaching from within, and a staid butler  
opened the door. "what's all this brouhaha?" he said. "Brouhaha?"  
cleverly responded-the lotus blossom, oozing-charm and wit, "Oooohahaha,"  
she continued. "Ahahahaha," said the butler, and slammed the door.

"Wait a minute," screamed the frail young girl, desperate for a  
ploy to get back into the house, "Don't you want your door-knocker?"  
"I already have one," came from within. "BUT THIS ONE'S YOURS!!"  
"You see? I TOLD you."

